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Lyrics of a Georgia Soldier



Clifton Bridges







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Lyrics
of a
Georgia Soldier

Clifton Bridges

MACON, GEORGIA
McEVoy BOOK COMPANY
1919

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Introduction

Upon a parlor table once,
I saw a little book;
And when beneath the lid of it
I chanced to take a look,
I saw a foreword written there—
'Twas surely born of pride—
The spirit of it ran like this :
"Kind Friends, herein I hide
A work on which I've done my best
And when you've read it thru,
If you should not appreciate
It, then the fault's with you."
But as I introduce to you,
The lines beneath this lid,
I surely cannot say the words
That this good writer did.
For tho I've done my best for you,
And tried hard to portray
My higher motives, better thoughts,
And ideals in this way,
I know this human hand of mine,
This earthly pen I use,
Could never write the thousand things
The human mind might choose.
I thank you if you read my rhymes
And think awhile with me :
Perhaps then with a clearer eye
Some hardship you will see.
Or maybe with a firmer grip
On God and righteousness
You'll be the Victor over sin—
Thereby another bless.
Forgive me for the time I take
If, when you're through with these
Few thoughts I offer you within,
You do not like them, please.

CLIFTON BRIDGES.

My Ship

“**Y**OU’VE found your ship,” the Master cries, “Ahoy!”
Now waste no time, put out to sea, my boy.
A boon and blessing comes to you today;
You’ve found your work, then hoist your sail, away.
An easy route? Life holds for no man one—
For he who wins will find it hard to run.

“There’ll be wild winds and billows boist’rous bold
To beat against you stormily, and hold
You fast, unless you fight against them hard
And never let them once your ship retard.
It takes hard work to count for anything
And idle moments leave a bitter sting.

“If once you think that safety reigns, behold,
Life’s ocean may a deadly rock unfold!
Or, if you stop to talk about the tide,
As though your ship, self-governed, home would glide,
While you are of your danger unaware,
The tide will leap and vict’ry from you tear.

“For, lo, the sea of life with crag is filled—
The voyage hard, for so the Father willed.
Yet you can win—it’s not beyond your might—
For all the way the Lord will help you fight.
Go in His might, and duty cling to fast;
Now launch your ship, and Victor be at Last!”

Volunteer

MEN ! American men, stand !
List to the call of a free born land ;
The time has come when she needs your hand—
Volunteer !

Old Glory waves—will you respect it ?
As danger threatens it, protect it ?
You've its call—can you reject it ?
Volunteer !

Blood of past patriots courses your veins,
Unless it has run low, now give it reins,
And let it control your brawn and brains—
Volunteer !

Stir up the heritage within you
And if you let it, it will win you ;
Then as pride swells ev'ry sinew—
Volunteer !

It isn't play, it's the work of a man,
To put on the glorious garb of tan,
And get in line to do what you can—
Volunteer !

It's hard work and danger, but say, Friend,
Will glory await us, if at the end
All of our sailing has been with the wind ?
Volunteer !

Conscription comes, you can't debate it ;
True patriots will not await it—
Else afterward you'll surely hate it—
Volunteer !

Do not be, like a convict, driven—
From whom the gift of choice is riven,
But let your part be freely given—
Volunteer !

Be a man instead of a symbol,
Prove that you are what you resemble,
Though to do it may make you tremble—
Volunteer !

Discard a form that's wholly hollow ;
Take off that flag embellished " Collah,"
Get you beneath a gun and follow—
Volunteer !

The Macon Daily Telegraph, April 29, 1917.



My Georgia Girl

TONIGHT in old Camp Cotton,
 Beneath a silent sky,
 Four thousand Georgia soldiers,
 In air that's cold and dry,
 Sleep in a "canvas city,"
 Beside the Rio Grande,
 And dream of home and sweetheart
 Across the country land.

The Western sun has melted
 Into the rainbow's hues,
 The moon, from o'er the mountain,
 In silence, seems to muse
 O'er camp fires that are marking
 The privates walking post ;
 And these are they who're thinking
 Of home and sweetheart most.

And 'twixt the fire before me
 And Texas heavens of blue,
 I see the face, I fancy,
 My Georgia Girl of you.
 And while, forgetting duty,
 I gaze into your face,
 My love grows firmer for you,
 Dear Girl of Georgia grace.

The Mexicans we're watching,
 Across the river there,
 Some day will cease their raiding—
 Some day they'll peace declare.
 Then we'll go back to Georgia,
 The flag of war we'll furl,
 To look no more at visions—
 Instead, a Georgia Girl.

Red Cross Slackers

LIKE children, you're playing,
And carelessly saying :
 " It's a terrible war, over there. "
But what are you giving,
While peacefully living,
 For him who is doing your share ?

The millions are dying,
And others are crying
 For help you could easily give.
If you could be shaken
Until you awaken,
 You'd help some one, dying, to live.

A life full of leisure
That glistens with pleasure
 Has most made an ingrate of you !
You pass up with sighing
The news that they're dying,
 Just asking what else you could do.

But you could be speeding
To wounds that are bleeding
 A good contribution—not dross ;
Help make the load lighter
For some noble fighter
 And give through your local Red Cross !

The Macon Daily Telegraph, October, 1917



Vibrations

BURSTING forth like thunder sounds before a rain—
Crying out like joy bound by a monstrous chain—
Ringing through my soul and heart, and back again—
Then lightly sighing like the dying of a soft refrain,
 Lives my love for YOU.

Temptation

THE Tempter came and with enticing words,
 Invited me into his world of sin ;
 And, pointing out the victims he controlled,
 Enumerated pleasures I could win.

The flesh was weak and all inclined to plunge
 Into that throng where virtues lose their praise—
 Where vile pollution, like a tyrant, reigns
 O'er millions with intoxicated craze.

But just before the depths received my soul
 My spirit cried to God, amidst the strife :
 "O save me from the hell of such a hope,
 And give me grace to live a righteous life "

And as I prayed a vision came to me :
 The hand of Jesus, waiting, mine to grasp ;
 For He, the Victor over that same test,
 Could surely guide me until it was past.

In mockery the tempter put to tests,
 And made a sullen siege against my strength—
 Beguiling me with prospects of reward
 And profit he would give to me at length.

He, in his wily ways, threw in my path
 The things to which a man is apt to yield,
 With their enchanting beauty, graceful, fair,
 And all the mighty affect they could wield.

Then came again the tempter in disguise,
 As oft he comes to men he would subdue,
 Engraving on the chart before my eyes,
 Ungodliness in glorious, righteous hue.

O, it is hard to stand for righteousness,
 When all around you sin seems far more sweet,
 And satan works within your carnal frame
 With burning passions for the indiscreet.

But must I fall ? When God receives a soul
 In refuge from the siege of satan's host—
 As long as he can trust in Him for strength,
 So long in sin that soul shall not be lost !

An Appeal

BROTHERS of mine, who serve our country today,
Has the war flames consumed your best ?
Does the Almighty Lord who created you
Commune with the soul in your breast ?

O, this is a question you should not evade—
The question of your soul's estate,
For the whirlpool of war is twirling us fast
Toward destiny's blood-stained floodgate.

Why then be consumed by the war and its flame ?
Let all your best motives control ;
For though you may have to give your mortal life,
God would save your immortal soul.

Maybe that your heart has not given up,
To the gentle knock at its door ;
And some one has taught you to foolishly think
That Christ will not knock any more.

But still He is knocking, so humble yourself—
Accept Jesus Christ as your King ;
Be baptized and take up your cross in His name—
Then jubilant angels will sing.

There may have been time when your glory was to
Do good in the name of the Lord,
Your actions were prompted—your thoughts were
controlled
By teachings in His Holy Word.

But routine has marred all the joy you once had—
You've thought that the Lord had no place
In the life that your country has called on you for—
You have marred both your life and your face.

No "Death-bed religion" would I point you to,
To last 'till the danger is past,
For whether you die or all danger survive,
That kind of religion can't last.

But I would invite you to think of it long,
 Drink deep of the Water of Light ;
 Be sure that the Father has answered your prayer—
 Then trust as you go forth to fight.

Circular, Y. M. C. A. War Work Council, New York, N. Y., 1917



In the Web of the Flirt

'TIS quiet now and birds have flown,
Each to its own snug nest,
And now's the time that man and beast
Should all be safe at rest.

But yet my heart I cannot still
And rest as others do,
For all the time my heart is filled
With longings, Dear, for you.

Thou fairest one, I know not why
My love is all for Thee,
When it is true, I cannot tell
If you, at all, love me.

My love for you has wondered on,
Just now and then a smile—
You seem to say 'most ev'ry day :
"I'll love you after 'while."

And I've waited these long months—
I'll wait no longer though ;
For whether or not you love me,
Right now I want to know.

Be not backward in telling me
Another you love best—
For it would not be hard for you
To tell me with a jest.

But if in your heart there burns a
Love for a lover true,
Just tell me now, don't hesitate
For I surely love Thee too.

A Rookie At Retreat

WHEN the Companies have fallen in
 And lined up for retreat,
 And when we go a-marching down
 Our regimental street,
 O, it makes me mighty nervous
 And my feet just won't keep pace
 If I look among the crowds and see
 My Sweetheart's beaming face.

There she is among the folks that
 Form the line the guards have ruled,
 And she's looking close to see me
 Or else I am badly fooled.
 O, the sight of her is glorious—
 Though I've seen her oft before—
 Though for years I know I've loved her—
 Somehow now I love her more.

I know that I have orders :
 I must "Head up—eyes to front"
 (When you're marching at attention,
 You can't even sigh or grunt)
 But I think about my sweetheart
 And the joy of just one glance—
 They may put me in the guard house,
 But I've got to take a chance !

When she smiles at me so sweetly—
 As her face is turned to mine,
 How my chest swells up with courage ;
 I could break the German line !
 O, it makes me mighty nervous,
 And my feet just won't keep pace,
 When I look among the crowds and see
 My sweetheart's beaming face !

A Valentine

TODAY I went into a store
Where valentines are sold,
And saw a thousand different kinds
In yellow, green and gold.

I only bought a paper though—
A Sunday's New York Times ;
"I have no use," I told the man
"For foolish valentines."

But now I must confess to you
I feel a little blue,
Because I couldn't send one of
Those valentines to you.

You know the reason, I am sure :
That little fuss we had ;
You misinterpreted my note
Then made me piping mad.

I didn't make myself as clear
As now I guess I can,
But vowed when writing to you last
I'd never write again.

But old St. Valentine tells me
Such vows I shouldn't make ;
So I apologize for all
I said—that vow I'll break.

I don't know what he said to you,
But I don't think he's fair,
If he has caused me to relent
And has not made you care.

But if he's lied to me (the brute !)
At least, please don't get sore,
For I'll not torment you again
If this note you ignore.

Yet, be he truthful or untrue,
Could I call back the time,
I think I'd go into that store
For you a Valentine.

That "Old Gray Bonnet" Tune

(Official Air Second Georgia Infantry—121st)

WHEN the "Second" goes to battle,
 How we'll make our rifles rattle,
 As we mow down Germans—history will tell ;
 But 'twill fill us full of daring,
 If, while dangers we are sharing,
 Some one gives a healthy "Old Gray Bonnet" yell.

Like the English, we are ready
 With our life's blood, yet we're steady—
 Like the French, we hope as victors, to live long.
 And 'twill be a bit of glory
 As we tell each thrilling story,
 To connect it with "That Old Gray Bonnet" song.

If we fight in France or Flanders,
 Under new or old commanders,
 After vict'ry song will form on ev'ry tongue ;
 But the "Old Gray Bonnet" band will,
 By example, give command till,
 By all men, the "Old Gray Bonnet" has been sung.

With a petty provocation,
 Men of our own State and Nation,
 Learned how high the "Bonnet" stood in our esteem ;
 And that incident will serve us
 As proof that the song will nerve us
 In the future battles of which we now dream.

We don't say the song's immortal
 Nor that Heaven's Holy portal
 Will consider all its men from hell immune ;
 Yet, while holy bands are playing,
 Some old Vet'ran will be saying :
 "Hey, I wish you'd play "That Old Gray Bonnet"
 tune.

The Flame

OF all the surging hopes that I have known
Throughout the time since I have been a boy,
No hope has ever gripped the whole of me,
Like my new hope, and given such a joy.

I've had the hopes of most all normal boys—
To watch the great Atlantic splash her shores ;
To take the place of some old fisherman,
And fight the waves with his two oaken oars.

I've longed to see the wild, wide spreading West,
The peaceful plains, and still more peaceful sea,
The beauty of old California's bloom—
The grandeur of the Yosemite.

The snow capped hills along both Northern coasts
The fruit that grows in balmy Southern States ;
The Georgia cotton fields of which I've sung—
The wheat of which old Oklahoma rates.

Majestic peaks that pierce the Western sky ;
The em'rald mounds of Carolina's pride ;
The Silver Spring—a gem of Florida,
So clear, its depths no mortal thing can hide.

These are the hopes—in part—that I have known—
To see the things that lure the youthful mind ;
I've traveled some—and some of them I've seen,
And some of them are yet for me to find.

But from the calls I fancy I have heard,
And all the visions, in my dreams, I've seen,
I turn again to one above them all—
A clearer, louder call, and one more keen.

And I believe this master hope is born
Of all the other hopes that I have known ;
They've melted as do minerals in fire,
And out of them the present flame has grown.

For "Over there" my comrades long have been,
 (I've been kept here—yet I've been there at heart)
 And "Over there," there is a part for me—
 A little part indeed—but still a part.

A part, of course, infinitesimal,
 Compared with our great Nations arm of might,
 And yet to me so wonderfully great
 Will be each hour that I am in the fight.

And this will make me fight when my time comes ;
 I'll see the vision of a smiling face,
 Unfurled will be Old Glory all around it,
 And through the flag, America, I'll trace.

October, 1918



Habit's Cable

EARLY in our lives are formed,
The habits that control us—
A time or two we do a thing,
Then will it soon enroll us.

At first the cords it binds us with
Are eas'ly enough broken ;
And oft unnoticed is their hold—
They sound no warning token.

But twice or thrice we do the act
The cords become some tighter ;
To do the thing is easier—
The prospects of it brighter.

Again perform it, it becomes
A part of us to do it,
Before we are aware of it
Mere instinct leads us to it.

'Till finally the cords become
One solid, big, round cable,
Deceiving and defying us
And proving us unstable.

The things that we would not do then
This cable makes us do them ;
And things that we prefer to shun
It simply drags us through them.

Likewise the things we want to do
Some how we soon are shunning,
And after things that we deplore
We find our feet are running.

From a Sermon by Dr. Robert C. Granberry, 1912

The Bitter and the Sweet

WERE there no anguish and hot tears
No thorns to prick our feet—
Were there no bitter things in life,
To come among the sweet—

Were there no woe for us to fear
No deep and bitter pain—
Were there no goal to work toward,
No victory to gain—

Were there no longing for the things
That seem just out of sight—
Were there no need for Godly fear,
And there no need to fight—

Were there no heaviness of heart
To weight the haughty down—
Were there no enemies to win,
Before we wear our crown—

The life we live upon the earth
Could never be so sweet,
And we would love Him less when we
Shall worship at His feet.

And so the bitter comes in life—
Not always know we why,
But God has willed it, He'll reveal
The secret by and by.

Graduation Greetings

TODAY you are the Victor
Over all that great array
Of tasks, that thru the past year
Have met you from day to day.

You stand upon a summit
Of achievement, now sublime ;
You're due a lot of credit
For that hill's been hard to climb.

But from your lofty hilltop
You have a wider view—
From whence the world is brighter,
The air is purer too.

And He who gave you courage
For battles you have won,
Would still befriend and guide you
Until your work is done.

For He expects to gather
Each polished gem you own,
And use them in His kingdom
On earth, 'till you go Home.

We who, through knowing, love you,
Both near and far away,
Would join in one great chorus :
“We're proud of you today.”

May, 1917

A Million Men

(To Marshall A. Hudson, Pres. World-Wide Baraca-Philathea Union)

THERE was a man in Syracuse,
 A merchant man was he ;
 And fortune smiled on him and he
 Beheld prosperity
 Before him in his pathway and
 It cheered the heart of him.
 Yet in his heart he cherished not
 Mankind's most precious gem.

'Till God in mercy looked on him
 And saw beneath the sin,
 Rock bottom good, integrity ;
 A soul that He could win.
 So Jesus gently knocked until
 His worldly heart He stirred :
 And then the inward faith bade him
 To open to his Lord.

And soon he sought to win a friend—
 He longed for him to know
 What Jesus Christ had done for him
 What still he yearned to do.
 He won him ! and it gave him joy
 He had not known 'till then ;
 And so he prayed for strength and grace
 To make the number ten.

He made it ten ! As days went on
 He reached the hundred mark—
 Still on he went a-winning souls
 And smiling at his work.
 Increasing love for men bade him
 To quit his trade—begin
 The work that God had called him to—
 To win a " Million Men."

Memories

THE memories that you have kept,
Of your most happy days,
All pasted up in this big book
In many curious ways,
Are not at all nonsensical
According to my mind;
Although you choose to term them that
And faults with them you find.

I think that they are honored, who
Have crept into this book
By way of these quaint memories
At which I love to look.
And as for parts that you have played
In service, school and fun,
A world-wide search for parallels,
I'm sure would disclose none.

Although a string of memories
Comes rushing to your mind,
Each time you turn these pages
And familiar faces find,
I'm longing for a little place
Within your memory,
Where these will not be needed to
Cause you to think of me.

April, 1916



For A Birthday Book

MISS Louise Gewinner,
If you get much thinner
You'll be most unhappy, you say;
Hence I truly hope that
You'll soon grow to be fat,
And throw all your worry away!

April 28th, 1915

To An Optimist

IT always does a fellow good
To meet such girls as you,
When things don't go along just right
And he's a-feeling blue.

'Cause, somehow, you just cheer him up.
Your jolly jocund way
Just knocks a fellow's grouch sky high
Forever and for aye.

Of course you have your troubles
Like other people do
But you just smile, contented,
As if it suited you.

Go on then through your happy world
And wear a great big smile—
Regardless of what else you do,
That's mighty well worth while !

1915



A Test

IF you have found a girl who's different,
Toward whose existence all your thought is bent—
If you are dreaming of her through the night,
And thinking of her charms while it is light—
If you behold her face's golden glow,
Like phantoms, play before you, to and fro—
If you are not content when not with her,
And she alone love's passion can bestir—
If she's to you so infinitely dear
That over you she casts an awkward fear—
If you could rest contented all your life,
With no one else but her—in joy or strife—
Then you're in love !

1910

Annie Claire

THE door to day-dream's chamber
 Opens and a lass is there :
A smiling face before me—
 The face of Annie Claire.

The world goes from before me—
 All else forgot, I stare
At nothing—but the image of
 This lady, Annie Claire.

Her face, as full of sunshine
 As though she had no care
To rid her heart of gladness—
 The happy Annie Claire.

Now this is how it happened
 To greet me in the air—
And this is how I met her—
 This lady, Annie Claire.

One day while I was walking
 Down town—right over there
I saw them playing tennis :
 A friend and Annie Claire.

Some how, I stopped and ran for
 The balls 'till dusk drew near ;
My friend then introduced me
 To her friend, Annie Claire.

I see her in this day-dream ;
 I'm here and she is there,
But O, the joy to me when
 I'll be with Annie Claire !

Things Eternal

HALF of the world is filled with woe,
And half the rest with laughter,
And half the things are worthless that
The world is running after.

And half the things that I've desired,
And spent my life in gaining,
Have left me none the better off,
But worse, and still complaining.

Then, 'rouse me ! Let my soul awake
To lasting things and real ;
That they may guide me safely past
The worldly winds I feel.

1915



On the Border

WHEN its raining on the Border
And the snow is falling too,
And the mud sticks to a fellow
Just like so much thickened glue—
When the top of old Mount Franklyn
Is capped with ice and snow,
And you see a fellow freezing
Nearly everywhere you go—
When the wind blows on the Border,
Dry, and full of dust and sand,
'Till you think you've eaten of it
'Bout as much as you can stand—
I want to go home !

Loyally, Baracas!

LOYALLY, Baracas, let our lives declare
To young men the message that our Savior bare ;
“Standing by the Bible and the Bible School,
And the Church,” and living by the golden rule.
Constantly, Baracas, stand at any cost,
By our greatest trials oft we win the lost ;
And a thoughtless action or a careless word
Sometimes leaves men doubting holy things they’ve heard.
Faithfully, Baracas, let us learn to know
That His hand is guiding ev’ry where we go.
Do things for the Master—leave results for Him—
His will be the harvest—He will get each gem.

Cover, The Baraca & Philathea News, Syracuse, N. Y., Feb., 1916



You, My Love, and I

LAST night our souls met in that blest realm of happiness
And flew together like two mating birds,
Away, and to that Heav’n-kissed fountain of love
And drank sublimest thoughts—not meant for words.

To me no more blissful thoughts were ever given
Than those I thought and dreamed of you last night,
For it is part of Heaven to know and love you,
And with your love the whole world seems aright.

Love costs. The little price we pay some times looks large.
(But no great thing is gained when nothing’s lost)
Yet its God’s gift, the greatest of His gifts to us ;
And one day’s love is worth what it all cost.

More of Christ

AT times when I'm discouraged
And everything goes wrong,
When all the world seems banded
Into one fearful throng,
Denying hopes and pleasures,
And things that I hold dear—
'Tis Jesus gently warning
Me that the tempter's near.

When things that I've enjoyed
Seem all to lose their charm—
When friends who once were dearest
No longer lend an arm—
When joys that God has given
Seem not to be for me—
'Tis just the Savior's message:
"You're not what you should be."

'Tis best for things to come in life
To make me stop and think,
When duties to Him I neglect,
And danger's on the brink—
When I take like into my hands,
To hear His words—nor heed—
For when I pray about it,
'Tis more of Christ I need.

A Pearl

SUCH happiness and joy as have been mine
Since I've been in your presence these short hours
Are as uncommon to me as purple
Rhododendron's rare in the realm of flow'rs.

Your face—angelic—bears Divine imprint ;
Your silv'ry voice I long to always hear.
Though sorrow may have dimmed your radiant eyes,
They beam like they had never born a tear.

O, like the seeker after goodly gems
Sold all he had to buy one precious pearl,
So for your love I'd sell with willing mind
The greatest thing I have in all the world.

1918



Your Outward Show

IF the way you are walking is crooked—
If the part that you play is unfair,
Then the world will know
By your outward show,
Of the life that you inwardly share.

But if you've been walking with Jesus
And His love is now leading you on
The signs of His grace
Will show in your face
'Till your thoughts of the Holy are gone.

The Silver Clarion, February, 1918

To Georgia's First Five Hundred *

GOODBY boys, God bless you !
 May the eternal God of wars and peace
 Be God to all beneath your flag today,
 And bless you as you sail into the fray—
 Protecting you until all war shall cease.

From depths of our fraternal love for you,
 And warmth of heart that's born of comradeship
 We say, while grasping hands with firmest grip—
 Knowing you'll do bravely all that you must do—
 Goodbye boys, God bless you !

The Macon Daily Telegraph, 1917

* 151st M. G. Bn., Rainbow Div.—The Macon Boys.



Congratulations

TO you, Old Pal, I proudly send
 These glad congratulations ;
 I hope your joys will far exceed
 Your greatest expectations.

And unto her, whose heart you've won,
 A million more good wishes,
 May all her heartaches, throughout life,
 Be conquered by your kisses.

1916



Your Promise

IF the promise you've made is a bad one
 To keep it is worse ;
 Unless love weighs the more, and shall lead you,
 You'll find it a curse.

The Plan That Worked

JOHN sat with a grin
Half circling his chin,
And bashfully pleaded with Mary
To give him a kiss ;
He thought 'twould be bliss
Just once to embrace her—his dearie !

He thought it a shame
That it was in vain,
And that she still acted contrary,
For long it had been,
Since courting began
'Twixt John and his beautiful Mary.

With shoulders held high,
She sighed a small sigh
And wondered if he'd really do it ;
“ 'Twould be a disgrace
Should you kiss my face
And mother would not consent to it.”

“ Your mother,” he said,
His face flushing red,
“ No doubt, this kiss would surprise her.”
But when he'd begun
'Twas easily done,
And mother was not any wiser.

A Possibility

SHALL this great Nation ever, ever fall
 So far beneath its present lofty height
 That it shall take its women's purity,
 And tell them, in their sinning, it is right ?

For other nations have bowed down so low,
 Who, like we, would have shuddered at the thought,
 When first their feet were swept into the tide—
 Not dreaming, then, the wreckage war has wrought.

And so they rob each youthful mother's breast
 Of all the sacred holiness it knows,
 And take away the glory of her name,
 Like taking color from a crimson rose.

It need not come to us though, if we all
 Just realize the need now of our land,
 And rally, with the most that we can do,
 And give our country all it shall demand.

The foe we fight is not a feeble folk
 And they have proven difficult to beat,
 But we can, if we summon all our strength,
 Compel them to admit their own defeat.

But if the population, drowsily,
 Evade the war, and scheme for self alone,
 Calamities that other nations know,
 We may awake some day, to find our own.

Four Verses

THE lines you send to Ed today
'Rouse a desire in me
To see him write to Polly, and—
More of your poetry.

And, while Ed is a friend of mine,
He'll look down my gun barrel,
If soon he doesn't take the time
To write to Pauline Harrel.

But guns won't shoot from me to you—
I only can implore :
Remember that I like your rhymes—
Pray, won't you send me more ?

Think not because one soldier boy
Neglected once his writing,
That we have all forgotten girls
And think alone of fighting.

On the Border, 1916



Victory

I'd rather be a victor
Over sin than own the world,
And after one short season
Have my soul to torment hurled—

I'd rather win a battle
With my carnal self and be
Free from the guilt of sin though all
The world should laugh at me.

A Wish

IF words e'er told immortal things,
 If e'er they bore undying strains,
 I send to you now on their wings,
 My sympathy sincere ;
 And soon I hope a magic day
 Will waft its healing winds your way
 And blow your lurid ills to stay
 Far, far away, my Dear !

1913



A Birthday Wish

ALTHOUGH, while at twenty,
 Yo've beauty a-plenty,
 And the loss of it you needn't fear,
 May more beauty graces
 Leave with you their traces
 From the wings of each fleeting year !



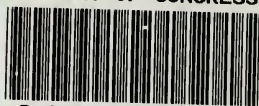
Who writes his name well with a pen,
 Receives a bit of honor,
 But he who writes on the hearts of men
 Writes better and much longer.

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